

H.

Tool

What's coming through is alive
What's holding up is a mirror
But what's singing songs is a snake
Looking to turn this piss to wine
They're both totally void of hate
But killing me just the same
The snake behind me hisses
What my damage could have been
My blood before me begs me
Open up my heart again
And I feel this coming over like a storm again
Considerately Venomous voice, tempts me
Drains me, bleeds me
Leaves me cracked and empty
Drags me down like some sweet gravity The snake behind me hisses
What my damage could have been
My blood before me begs me
Open up my heart again
And I feel this coming over like a storm again
And I feel this coming over like a storm again I am too connected to you to
Slip away, to fade away
Days away I still feel you
Touching me, changing me
And considerately killing me
And considerately killing me
And considerately killing me
And considerately killing me

Songwriters

ADAM JONES, DANIEL CAREY, MAYNARD JAMES KEENAN, PAUL M D'AMOUR Published by
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